Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

You my little
shadows of time
you my little
sparrows of wine
down on the beach
seaweed
stretching to
the horizon
I start walking
maybe I'll reach
the inlet by noon
Neptune's
ancient trident
is out there
close by
I can feel
its psychic presence
with that
psychic presence
with that
psychic perception
I've hidden so well
the freighters
sail by
the albatross
flies above
this is
a maritime
trance vision
epiphany
revelation
all the way
from Ithaca
do you experience
strange
mesmerizing dreams
sometimes
trust in
the goddess
of love
standing
in her seashell
with flowers
blowing around
in the sea wind
*** - 2/22/2026

I dreamt
of a star-touched
wind
and islands
of galactic eternity
drifting through
the very same
sea of time
in which
we find ourselves
interstellar
radio messages
were bouncing around
from moon to moon
comets flew by
many inhabited worlds
to herald
the birth
or the death
of a great
novelist or poet
dreams were
all around
searching
for dreamers
in the astral realms
celestial choirs
were heard
across event horizons
I dreamt
I dreamt
with joy
of a star-touched
wind
blowing across
the waves
in a sea of time

***

- 2/22/2026

I crossed
the river Styx once
and then
I crossed back
to this side
of the shore
I went to
the oracle once
and had a dream
that will echo
in my memory
I've seen things
become very strange
across the land
very strange
indeed
as if Venus
herself
has been away
far too long
when Mars
has been
hanging up there
for far too long
I've wondered
the paths
of least resistance
in my time
I've created
eternal
afterlife palaces
in my mind
they will be
waiting for me
when I cross
the river Styx again
for the last time

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- 2/23/2026

A snowy
Siberian morning
here in New Jersey
isolated
indoors
by a massive
winter storm
the landscape
around me
looks like
a winter dream
personified
stuck here
all day with
my imagination
which seeks
more dreams
of winter
out there
the snow
is still falling
Siberia
has extended
itself
to my hometown
this day

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- 2/23/2026

A ship
in a bottle
stirs up
some maritime
memories
in the old
noggin here
it is
a snow covered
cold winter's
morning
yet with a ship
in a bottle
I can journey
to places
I can journey
to the shore
a year
two years
forty years ago
I can almost
feel the sea breeze
I can almost feel
the salty air
a ship
in a bottle
can take you places
a ship
in a bottle
is your ship
upon which
you may sail
upon a sea
of memories

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- 2/23/2026

Visions of vanity
other people's vanity
never my own
I have no vanity
I have only
some broken
psychological bones
last week
I had a dream
about the stars
last week
I had another dream
I was somewhere
in the far north
my eyes enchanted
by the splendor
of the Aurora Borealis
this morning
there were those few
visions of vanity
and a few
visions of insanity
yet we'll cast those
right out
the door
into the snowy
world out there
the snows
of February
all of this snow
feels like
someone else's
memory dream
of the Yukon
or Siberia
or somewhere
up in
the Archangel Isles
the snowflakes
are falling still
with all of their
crystalline detail
and splendor
individual
unique splendor

memories and dreams
are held
by the clouds above
they bestow
such memories
upon us
in crystalline form
the form
of the snowflake
is the form
of the immaculate
winter dream

***

- 2/23/2026

I called forth
at the awakening
of an eternal Sun
here on
a Southern New Jersey
beach
I am looking out
upon the Ocean
and having visions
of Viking ships
sailing by
their destination
is unknown to me
if I had to guess
I'd say
it's most likely
Newfoundland
Godspeed to them
on their voyage
in this
mystical hour
and there
looking through
a different
perspective
looking with
a different
perspective
I see a Sun-blessed
rocky slope
leading up to
a Medieval castle
banners fly
magnificently
from the towers
in a sea wind
a wind of visions
I move down
the beach
still moving away
from our own time
the seagulls
fly above
singing praises
in this

poetic ceremony
of the morning

***

- 2/23/2026

Let us not
sink into
the sunken sorrow
of divide
let us realize
all that there is
to be realized
about this journey
that we find
ourselves on
let us move boldly
through winds
of proclamation
and contrivance
we must be
resolute
in all of this
eternal fog
we must not allow
our eyes
to be fooled
by such
deceiving sights
we must pull down
star-essence
from the night
and breathe it in
we are a long
long ways
from the beginning
yet it is
a place within
ourselves
that we must
revisit
do these shadows
ever think of us
with compassion
or do they mean
to cast us into
deserts of time
where light
is forgotten
*** - 2/23/2026

The world
out there
hugged by
the snowy arms
of winter
that sound there
that's the sound
of the snow
hitting my windows
it's a sound
to be heard
perhaps a few times
a year
around here
in this
snowy little corner
of the entire world
if I have to
go out there later
for smokes
it will be
a struggle
the snow scene
out there
a beautiful scene
yet it will
be a struggle
to travel about
we're talking
wet boots
wet socks
wet feet
is it worth it
for a few
puffs of tobacco
whether it is
or isn't
the answer
for me
will most certainly
be yes

***

- 2/23/2026

Nothing
sings so sweet
as the sweet song
of the sweet
my eternal ocean
is an ocean
of my own eternity
I can see beyond
some mountains
on Mars
all from
my untidy
apartment here
in Jersey
it was time
well past time
for the flowers
of the
celestial gardens
to appear
before our eyes
here is
a way forward
it will require
some level
of awakening
in the soul
for each of us
nothing
is as sweet
as the sweet song
as the love
of song
as the love
of the eternal song
that is eternal

***

- 2/23/2026

I'm looking
to the east
and seeing
snow clouds
I'm looking
to the west
and seeing
snow clouds
I'm looking
up above
towards Elysium
and seeing
snow clouds
this day
in the vast
progression
of time
it seems like
snow is
the emperor
of the Universe
the kingdom
of snow
just the other night
I was looking upon
a thousand
dreaming stars
just the other night
I was gazing
up at the stars
hoping to find
some insight
and some
philosophical truths
I found them alright
as it is known
that our philosophies
down here
eventually drift
up there
and remain
in existence
forever
among the many
constellations
*** - 2/23/2026

From atop a hill
I looked down
on that
flowing
river of time
the days
the years
the centuries
flowing along
offering reflection
offering a measure
of solace
and sanctuary
from the wild winds
of life upon
this Earth
a spark
of the roses
a spark
of the violets
there before
our work-weary eyes
fill me
with a sense
of fellowship
for I am
a soul of the Earth
I am a navigator
of dreams
and I seek
isles of fellowship
in a sea
of all promising
yet work-weary
dreams

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- 2/23/2026

The Roman statues
spoke much
wisdom to me
through telepathy
in the glowing light
of a new day
I have thus
taken a mental
photograph
of these moments
in my mind
I wished to
find a thing
I envisioned a thing
I went on
a holy quest
to find a thing
I .... and what
I wished to find
found each other
in the light
of a new day
then I moved along
out into
the marshes
of shadows
where your sanity
is something
that you must
hold on to tightly
with much care
here where many
of my lyrical songs
were brought
into creation
in an hour
when sweet
Ophelia's song
is heard
upon clouds
high above

***

- 2/23/2026

A perfect storm
of perfect
bad situations
arose from
the deserts
in the west
and from off
the ocean
in the east
and problem
situations
arose like
melancholic vapor
from places
in between
I would often
freeze for
a moment
and ponder
how did
all of this
come to be
I could hardly
believe it myself
yet here we are
is it so
that fate is both
a sorcerer
and a saint
yet less often
a saint
is there
any sanctuary
somewhere
that I can
awaken to
and be another soul
with a different
vision
that sees the world
differently

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- 2/23/2026

The sea
tells me often
of its pondering
thoughts
the sea believes
that I am
awake enough
to confide in
the sea
speaks to me
of tempest
and how we all
must endure
a tempest
of the soul
from time to time

***

- 2/23/2026